



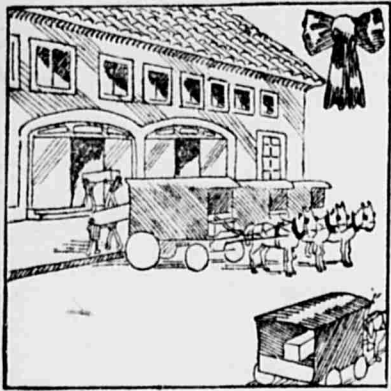
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THE NEW MORGUE.



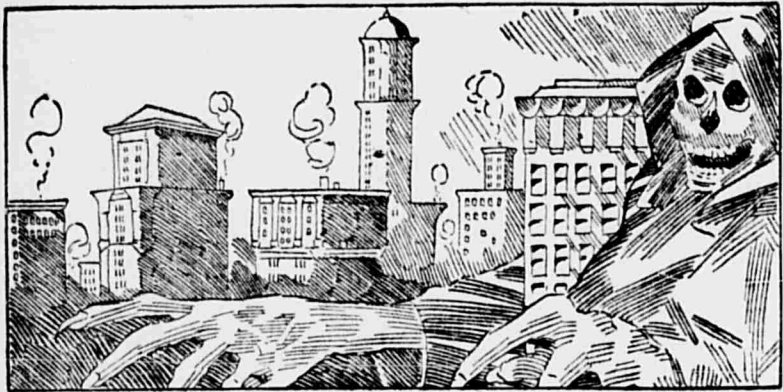
THE new morgue is to be the largest in the world. The present morgue, which has stood for many years at East River and Twenty-sixth street, is to be torn down. A seven-story building is to take its place.

The old morgue became overcrowded and provision must be made to accommodate at one time 275 bodies. This will be done in twenty enormous refrigerators with plate glass fronts and couches tilted at an angle so that the unidentified dead may be viewed.

The upper floors will be used for autopsies and for a museum of pathology. The cost of the refrigerators alone will be \$50,000. They will be a unique cold storage warehouse.

The percentage of the unknown dead of New York is increasing every year. The number of burials in the potter's field is larger every year. It is a sign of the times.

Once Washington Square was the potter's field. The poor and unknown dead of half a century did not fill it. If Washington Square were laid out like a cemetery now, with every grave having its separate plot, one year's interments of the poor and unknown would fill it.



The deaths by accident alone are increasing at an enormous rate. This city, with half the population of the State, has more than half the 9,625 deaths from violence, which include 1,207 suicides, 1,425 railroad injuries, 120 gunshot wounds, 92 from sunstroke, 967 from drowning, 85 by electric shock, 293 by poisoning, 506 by gas and 382 homicides.

These deaths alone are enough to keep a morgue filled.

Besides them there are the unknown dead, the waifs who go to sleep at the Bowery lodging-houses and never wake up, the men found dead under trucks and in alley ways, the strangers who come from all parts of the world to New York to lose their identity here and then to add to the list of unknown dead.

The side of New York life which the necessary increase in the size of the morgue betokens is at the other end of the scale from the Great White Way. And in many cases the two are not so far apart after all.



THE LONGEST KISS.

To-morrow's Sunday World will tell how New York's debt has grown one-third of a billion dollars under Mayor McClellan. Other people besides the city officials waste money. A dinner at \$200 a plate is one of the ways of doing it, and the question of whether \$50,000 a year is too little for New Yorkers like E. R. Thomas to live on is pertinent to the same subject.

The Magazine Section has a series of moving pictures, the longest kiss on the stage, forty-five seconds. It requires training and holding the breath to make a kiss last that long without gasping. This is even more interesting than the story of the Black Hand reaching in the Bronx and of how many things the future German Emperor has to study to fit him to succeed his versatile father.

The music is Lou Fields's song hit, "The Girl Behind the Counter." The story is "The Diamond Lens." By no means the least interesting of many valuable features is the interview with New Jersey's veteran executioner, who has hung seventy-nine persons, and now retires at the age of seventy-three because in New Jersey, as in New York, the electrical chair has supplanted the hangman's noose.

Be sure and order your Sunday World from your newsdealer in advance or you may be disappointed.

Letters from the People.

For Higher Pensions.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read in your issue of yesterday a plea for higher pensions for veterans and their widows. Eight dollars a month will not even pay for a board. Many now are reaching seventy and have no means, and yet \$2 per week is what they receive. During the war we wives of soldiers were without the support and protection of our husbands. And how are we rewarded or cared for now our husbands are gone?
Mrs. W.
Bureau of Vital Statistics, Sixth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is there a place where a person born in New York City can find out the date of his birth? If so, where is the place located?
A. R.

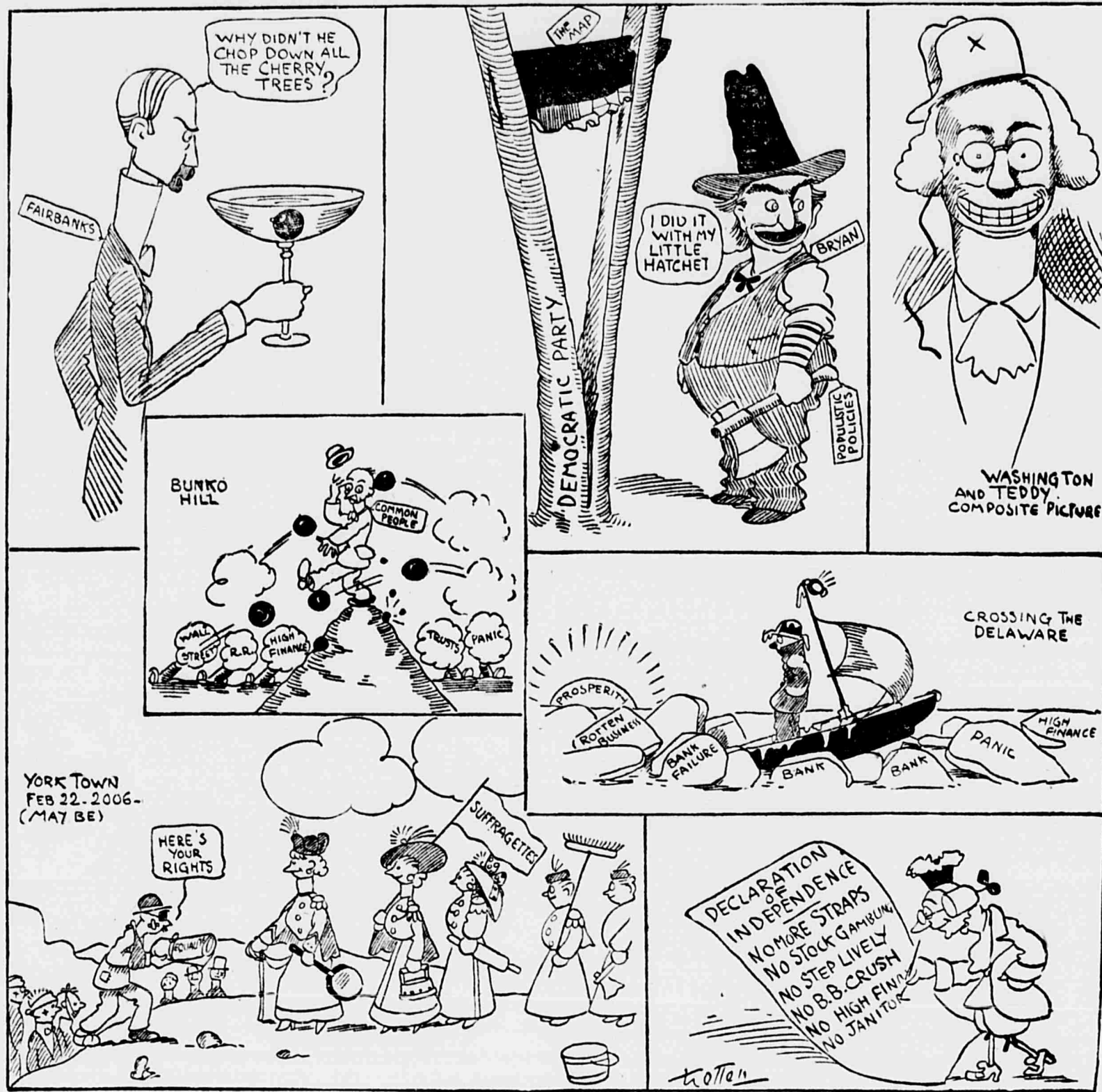
An Inheritance Problem.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What local reader can solve this? There are three children in a family: one son and two daughters. The two daughters are married, the son having one child, a boy; one daughter having a boy, and the other daughter having one boy and two girls. How is \$10,000 to be divided? The mother of the three children left it, with no will, as the three children were dead. How much would each grandchild receive? There are five grandchildren. Would each receive one-fifth, or would it be shared into families, each receiving the mother's or father's share? How would the money be shared if one of the children were still living?
R. R.

In The World Almanac.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I find a list of the American Consuls in Holland?
T. R.
1904 Was Leap Year, 1900 Was Not.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
C says we did not have a leap year before 1900 since 1800. B says 1904 was a leap year. Which is right?
TRAINROOM.

Favors Special Cars for Women.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
The idea of running special cars for women is a very good one and should get support from every citizen. In the rush hours when a woman steps into the car does she find an empty seat? Very seldom. The only remedy at the present time is special cars for women in the rush hours.
S. PETER.

Washington's Birthday Fancies.

By Maurice Ketten.



The Story of the Operas

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 34-BELLINI'S "SONNAMBULA" ("Sleepwalker").

A CROWD of singing peasants filled the public square of a little Swiss village. They were awaiting the appearance of Amina, foster daughter of Theresa, the old mill keeper, and Elvino, a handsome young farmer to whom the girl was betrothed. Their wedding contract was to be signed to-day and all the village had turned out to celebrate the event. The only grim face in the laughing crowd was that of Lisa, landlady of the nearby inn. She had formerly been engaged to Elvino and still loved him. With equal fervor she hated pretty little Amina and sought a chance to injure her.

A shout from the villagers announced Amina's arrival. Elvino quickly followed, escorting the notary who had drawn up the contract. As the lovers signed the document amid general rejoicing, a coach halted before the inn and a handsomely dressed, travel-stained stranger alighted.

The Count Rudolph, hereditary lord of the village and of the adjacent manor. He was returning home from years of travel and had been so long absent that at first none of his tenants recognized him. It was too late to reach his castle before dark, so he resolved to spend the night at Lisa's inn. Meanwhile he amused himself by joining the villagers and paying pretty compliments to Amina. These harmless courtesies made Elvino furiously jealous, and Amina had some difficulty in calming the young farmer's rage. As dusk fell, the peasants dispersed in haste to their homes. For none dared to risk seeing the white-dressed phantom which was said to haunt the village in the hours of darkness. This "phantom" was none other than Amina. Unknown to herself or to others she was a somnambulist or sleepwalker, and had a way of wandering about unconsciously during the night, always returning safely home without awaking.

Late that evening as the Count and Lisa were chatting together at the inn, Amina entered. Her eyes were open and she was murmuring to herself various sentences of the marriage ceremony she expected to repeat in church next day. Rudolph, seeing at a glance that she was asleep, and fearing to awaken her, stole out of the room. Lisa departed, too, but for a far different purpose. Summoning Elvino and other villagers she led them back to the inn, telling them Amina had secretly thither for an interview with Rudolph. Bursting into the tavern the jealous Elvino upbraided Amina fiercely and declared he would never marry a girl who, on her wedding eve, could thus carry on a flirtation with another man. Amina, awakened by the noise, and seeing Elvino, ran to him with a cry of joy and threw her arms about his neck. He repulsed her wrathfully, and she fell swooning into her old foster-mother's arms.

Elvino forced Amina to return the engagement ring he had given her. In despair at his sweetheart's seeming faithlessness, the youth even went further and betrothed himself to Lisa. Amina was heartbroken. Conscious of her own fidelity she begged Elvino in vain to trust her. Urged on by the crafty Lisa, Elvino refused to believe the weeping girl's assurances that she had always been true to him.

The affair at length reached Rudolph's ears. Hurrying to the village at dusk one night he called the peasants about him and explained the situation. None of them had ever heard of a somnambulist. They listened to the Count's recital with amused disbelief. Elvino bitterly rejected the explanation. Lisa laughed it to scorn. Just then, a shadowy figure, holding a lighted candle, emerged from an upper window of the mill. All turned to gaze at the apparition. It was Amina, once more walking in her sleep. Across a decayed plank bridge spanning the mill stream she had just passed. A plank broke. She reeled. The candle fell from her hand. Recovering herself without waking, she passed on to the inn where Elvino stood. She was unconsciously whispering pleas for reconciliation, and begging her former lover to give back her betrothal ring.

At a sign from Rudolph the penitent Elvino slipped the ring on her finger. A cry of delight from the villagers brought Amina to her senses and she recovered consciousness to find Elvino kneeling at her feet, begging her forgiveness and love.

The story of "Die Meistersinger" will be published Tuesday.

Vagrancy in Norway.

VAGRANCY has become so prevalent in Norway that the Government has begun a systematic war against tramps, idlers and drunkards. An able bodied man who won't work is warned against his manner of life and directed where he can get employment. It is easier for the Government to get work for the man than to support him in idleness.

The Chorus Girl Deplores the Moving Pictures' Triumph Over Drama.

By Roy L. McCardell.



"I've fought against it," Charley Face said, "as a thespian who has been leading man for Robert B. Mantell, and who has upheld the dignity of the rocks and boulders; I have always said nix till now. But to-morrow, if I can, without posing as a mendicant and asking for alms from total strangers—I can obtain pictures from my more fortunate friends I shall beat it around to the Biograph studio and have Wallace McCutcheon cast me for character acts in the moving pictures."

"Little did we think," said Charley Face, "that when we put moving pictures on the bill, when we have 'em between the acts of 'Monte Cristo' and 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' and the other standard masterpieces of our repertoire that we were nourishing an ostrich in our bosom that would turn and sting us."

"What's the result?" says Charley Face. "A new epoch is here with the goods. Heart interest drama like 'The Volunteer Organist' and 'Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl' carrying forty people and a carload of scenery, may away to stem the tide, but friends, Romans, countrymen, the nickelodeons has the ten, twenty and thirty repertoire companies pushed against the plaster!"

"Up the street comes Gus Sun's Minstrels; sixty, count 'em, stretching out as they pass the shirt factory; but who cares? What echo of an interest is aroused. The elite of Huntington, W. Va., is all agog because a new reel will be shown at Gus Peter's Bijou Dream Nickelodeon, and a first night is a first night the whole world round."

"Does the populace of Terra Alta stand at the depot wondering why the Graton Accommodation is only an hour late and discuss the feller that's going to give the chalk talk at the lycium star course to-night?" asks Charley Face.

"Does the belles of Lock Haven, Pa., walk up and down in front of the Fallon House, between matinee and night, and ast each other which is the boy soprano and which is the high school Romanians with the 'Curse of Gold' company?" No! Why? Because the delectated funniest reel has been put on at the Dreamland Nickelodeon, and you'll all get up to see that chase in the 'Little Lost Child,' and you can stay as long as you like and bring the baby in for nothing."

"All over this fair land the actor reads his doom in white front store shows, expenses fifty a week, including current."

"Why is dramatic criticism a lost art in Cincinnati, Sandusky, Beloit, and other art, brewing and glass blowing centres? Because them that want to knock and boost is out soliciting ads from the manager of the Gem, the Star, the surprise and the other nickelodeons that are more frequent than pharmacies in every town of over two hundred."

"Why is it that it takes a spectacular production to fill town hall to-night, or that local society in Liberty, Mo., or Winnebago, Nev., won't put on a clean collar and turn out for nothing less than Maude Adams or David Warfield or something with a metropolitan run of five hundred nights to its credit?"

"Because," says Charley Face, "the moving picture shows are thicker than the babies on our block, and if the films is scratched you can set up a holler and get your nickel back!"

"Having got off this monologue of misery," Charley Face said, "if somebody had a dime and if Mamma De Branscombe would lend a wash pitcher and if Dopey McKnight would take 'em and bring in a pint of hops."

"Mamma De Branscombe is a person you can't trust with nothing valuable, and she certainly does take the reputation of her friends in vain, and if you go out to dinner with her she'll eat the choicest bits of the divided portion and stick you for the check, but she has a good heart."

"She said, if the rest of us would chip in, we wouldn't wait around for somebody to come and take us out for a regular meal, but we'd send over to the Original Sing's, on Seventh avenue, and get a bunch of chaw main."

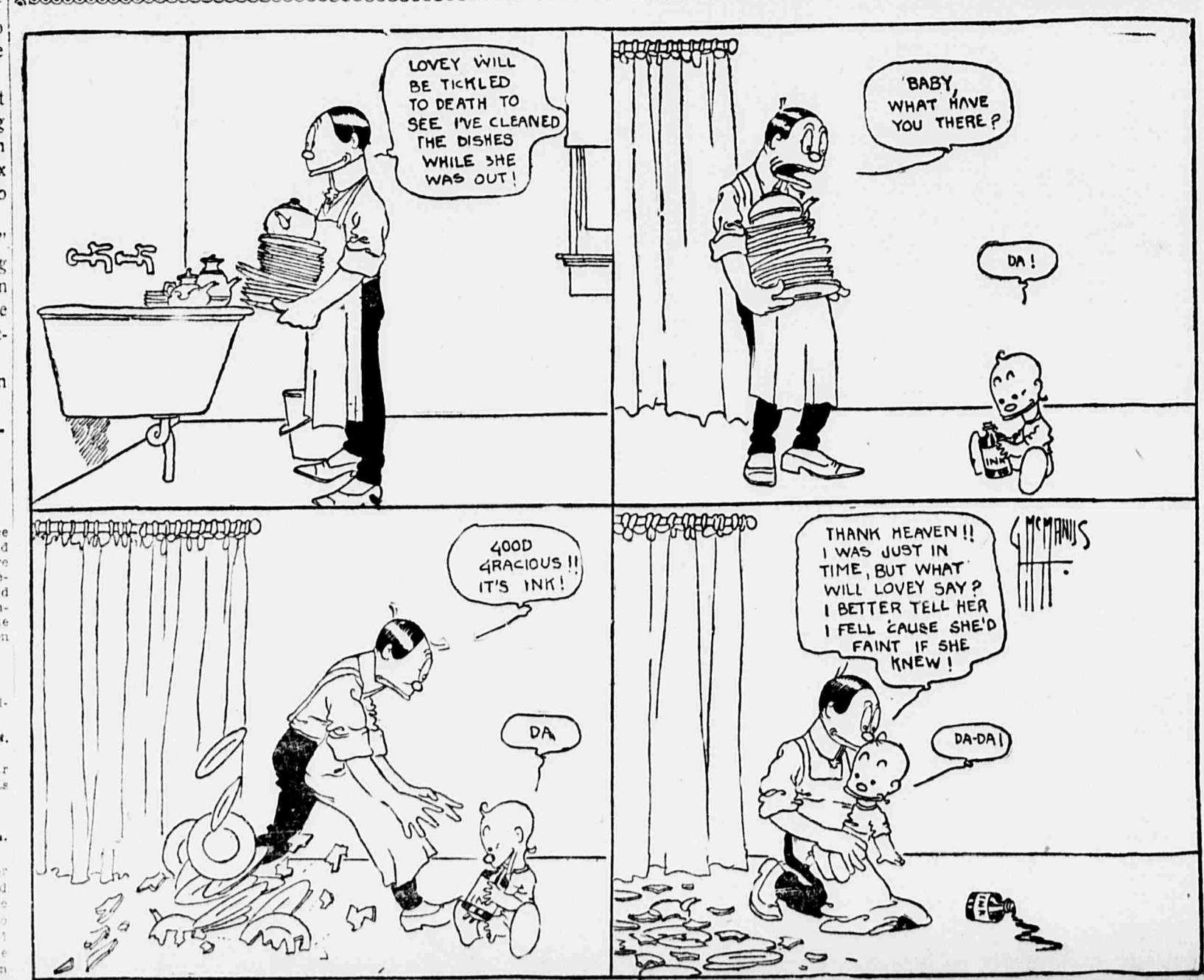
"Saying them words, she dug up 11 cents in pennies, and Amy De Branscombe and Puss Montgomery and me had to come across with enough to make up the 75 cents, because, while you get a lot of chaw main for your money, still it's expensive chaw."

"Mamma De Branscombe always did like Charley Face. It was him suggested, when she was in mourning for one of her husbands, that it wouldn't be no harm for her to be seen at Dockstader's Minstrels, because they was all black-faced acts."

"Dopey is the only one who doesn't view with alarm the moving picture tidal wave. I ast him if it was because they always employed piano players, and he said: 'No, the only way to keep a squirrel on the ground was to cut off its tail and make it imagine it was a rabbit!'"

The Newlyweds and Their Baby

By George McManus.



The Wonder of Venice.

By Vance Thompson.

THE gondolas, as I have stated, is so perfectly adapted to its purpose that it is like a sentient thing in the gondolier's control. It obeys the slightest impulse of the oar. Through the narrow and intricate lanes of Venice, with the sharp and baffling turns, it glides with unfailing accuracy. The boatmen have about ten different calls by which they announce their approach as they come to a corner, the turn they will take in a crowd, their way to right and left and all that. And their calls, half-song, half-cry, echo day and night, and yet so musical are they that they seem to be merely a part of the brooding silence of Venice.

Indeed, the wonder of Venice is how all things—the city and the sea, the boats and the people, the songs and the sky—combine to make one perfect whole, caressing and idle as one of Aeschylus's sonnets, which one I care not. Here even death is not merely sorrow; it is friendly and familiar, as well. I saw them put old Paolo to bed for the last time. He had been in his prime a stout gondolier of the traghetto of Santa Sofia, near the Rialto, but in old age was a ragged "hooker" of the gray. In his quarters, however, he was a respected man. Indeed, to be old or to be a child is among the gondoliers a title to tenderness and respect. And so when a good man dies in the poorer quarters the neighbors combine and hire a brass band to celebrate his virtues.—The Outing Magazine.

How Is a World Made?

THE famous Swedish savant Svante Arrhenius has written a book which contains as its most important contribution to knowledge a new theory of the so-called "radiation pressure." The book is published by the Harpers. According to Arrhenius's theory, which has been verified by interesting experiments, rays of light actually exert a pressure on extremely small particles of matter, and as a result we on the earth are the constant recipients of "solar dust." The "radiation pressure" has nothing to do with the corpuscular theory of light in which Newton believed, though it strongly suggests it; but it gives a clear and simple explanation of the problem why the tails of comets stream away from the sun, which so puzzled the great English scientist and his contemporaries.